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Borrowing a Bear

By C. B. LEWIS

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Joe Whitman, cowboy, rode up to the Circle ranch house one day to see old Colonel Meecham about some lost cattle, and ten minutes later he had lost his heart to Miss Rose, the colonel's daughter, who was then a girl of nineteen and her father's housekeeper. Circle ranch had been a great ranch in its day, but the colonel had met with all sorts of bad luck and couldn't pay his debts. He had a few cattle and one cowboy left, while a colored woman assisted Rose about the housework. Rose Meecham had not been educated in the east. She had been born in the ranch house and sent to a school not a hundred miles away, and her environments had been of the plainest. As the adoring father said of her more than once after his wife died: "Rose is good looking and honest hearted and will make some man a good wife. There's nothing of the coquette or flirt about her. She doesn't know what a flirtation means. She's just a plain girl, with her heart set on doing all she can for her old daddy."

That was the colonel's way of putting it, and it simply shows how little the average father knows of the average daughter. Miss Rose was good looking and honest hearted, but she would flirt with a cross eyed cowboy. Any other girl in her situation would have done the same thing. There wasn't another girl for fifteen miles around, while there were about fifty cowboys within that distance, and, besides there was the fort only five miles away and soldiers passing on the road every day.

Joe Whitman may have been above the average cowboy in looks and education. Miss Rose had decided within five minutes that she liked him. Within another five she was smiling so sweetly and talking so nicely that she had Joe stammering out his words.

That was the beginning of things. He had driven home a bunch of the colonel's cattle that he had cut out of his herd, and though he wanted to linger at the ranch and talk about the price of beef on the hoof, the drop in hides and the dry summer, he wasn't equal to the occasion and was almost backed off his pony in taking his leave.

Joe rallied when he got back to his cattle and began to lay plans, and from that day on it was a cold day when he did not bring in some of the colonel's stray stock.

It was a puzzle to the old gentleman why his cattle should wander six or seven miles after pasture when he had better at home, but it was no mystery to Miss Rose. Every time a bunch of the missing cattle came back Joe had to stop to explain and to call for a drink of water and to hang around for a good half hour and that girl, who didn't know what a flirtation meant, laughed to herself after he had departed.

Jim Taylor, the lone cowboy in the colonel's employ, was past forty, had a wife somewhere in the east and was out of the running, but he was no wooden head. When those lost cattle were driven up he would go to the colonel and declare that somebody was driving them off that he might have the privilege of driving them back again, and that if Miss Rose were his daughter he would put his foot down. Then the colonel would look up in an innocent way and exclaim: "Lord love us, but you don't think Rose drives off our cattle and then drives them back again?"

"No, I don't, colonel, but don't it strike you that Joe Whitman is coming here mighty often?"

"Is he? Well, he has to bring back the strays, you know, and it is very kind of him indeed. I don't always see him, but I hope that Rose returns my thanks in a proper way."

Joe was working the cattle business for all it was worth and valuing at the Circle ranch between times with oranges and boxes of candy sent to him from Denver, when a rival suddenly entered the field.

Sergeant Smith, from the fort, came along one day with a squad of men and stepped at the house to make some inquiries. The sergeant was a good looking man. He had a taking way with him. A flirtation was started almost at once, and when he took up his line of march again he promised himself the pleasure of another call.

Three days later he rode out to the ranch and began to make love in earnest. He had served Uncle Sam for twelve years, saved up \$200 and was looking for a wife. While he continued to be a soldier she could have a place as one of the landladies in Company G.

Before the sergeant got away Joe Whitman came riding up. The two men instinctively recognized each other as rivals and glared and muttered, but there was no bloodshed.

When the son of Mars had gone, there was a quarrel between the two. Joe's jealousy made it, although

when asked what rights he had he could not define them. He hinted that he would bring back no more lost cattle and was told not to put himself out in future, and he called Miss Rose a heartless flirt and rode away with his broncho's heels in the air.

It is just as easy for a man to make a fool of himself on the plains of the west as at Newport or Saratoga. When Joe had cooled down he admitted that he was in the wrong, but it required more moral courage than he possessed to ride over and make a confession. In this emergency he haunted the spring until he found out from Martha, the colored woman, that on a certain day and date Miss Rose and the sergeant were to take a two mile walk to a certain limestone cave on the banks of the river.

Every man has a friend somewhere if he will only hunt him up. After thinking things over Joe decided to go to old man Barnes, who kept a saloon, eating house and a sort of menagerie in town, and when his case had been stated the old man replied: "Easiest thing in the world, my boy. You want to run that sergeant off the ranch and make a hero of yourself at the same time."

"But he don't look like a feller who could be run," was protested.

"Make no mistake, my boy. You can run his coat tails out straight if only you go about it right."

"But how can I make a hero of myself?"

"That's a part of the game. Now listen to me."

Three days later the sergeant rode up to the ranch with his chest puffed out and a complacent look on his face. He felt that he was a winner. He was going to honor the ranchman's daughter by taking her into Uncle Sam's service.

His welcome wasn't quite as genial as it might have been, as Miss Rose was beginning to feel conscience stricken about Joe Whitman. She had found on mature consideration that she liked Joe very much, and when a girl will admit that and be sorry that she flirted with another man at the same time she is very near the point of loving.

The horse was left at the stables, and the pair started for the cave on foot. On the way the sergeant got ready to propose, but a rattlesnake created a diversion. He made ready a second time, but a stray steer had to be clubbed away, and so the river was reached without a recruit being added to the army.

The cave contained three rooms and was accounted a wonder. A torch that had been prepared was lighted, and the couple entered the dark mouth, but had hardly reached the center of the first room when they were saluted by such a growling and clawing and roaring as held them spellbound for a moment. Then as a monster bear came rushing at them from one of the inner rooms the doughty sergeant broke for daylight and fled at his best pace. The calls of the girl were unheeded. He hadn't served twelve years in the army to become bear's meat. He wanted a wife, and Company G wanted a second landress, but he would try to find the woman in town. He covered the mile to the house without a break and then mounted his gallant steed and set off for the fort. He even forgot to leave best wishes behind.

Meanwhile Miss Rose had stumbled and fallen and fainted away. It was as good a chance as a bear ever had, but this particular animal failed to take advantage of the occasion.

In the first place, he was muzzled, and, in the next, Joe Whitman was hanging on to the end of a long rope fastened to his collar. When he had fulfilled his mission he was tied up, and Joe went out and shouldered the still unconscious girl and had her carried home when she revived.

As she opened her eyes and wondered how she had tasted to the bear Joe pointed out the sergeant riding away. He also displayed his bloody hand and knife.

"Oh, Joe, but the bear—the bear!" gasped the girl on his arm.

"I came along just in time to kill it. Thank heaven, you are not hurt. Here you are at home. I am glad I was of service to you, but I can't come in. After what was said the other day?"

"You will come in, of course. There may be another bear around."

There wasn't, but during the next hour Joe had a talk with the colonel and both of them shook hands at the end of it and said they were glad. That night when Joe led the bear back to the town and his cake the owner cravily queried: "Well, did it work?"

"Beautifully."

"Then hand over the ten. When you want a second wife come to me and we will put up some other job to get her."

King of All Cough Medicines.

Mr. E. G. Case, a mail carrier of Canton Center, Conn., who has been in the U. S. Service for about sixteen years, says: "We have tried many cough medicines for croup, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is king of all and one to be relied upon every time. We also find it the best remedy for coughs and colds, giving certain results and leaving no bad after effects." For sale by all druggists.

Has Found the Best 25 Years. The old, original GRIFFIN'S Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is true and genuine in a hundred ways. No one else can do it.

STORIES OF SAM JONES

Notable Incidents in the Georgia Evangelist's Career.

HOW HE REFORMED A DRUNKARD

Revivalist's Story of a Man Who Took His Advice Literally and Came Out Well—Parting Bit of Fun With One of His Audiences—A Sample of His Forceful Language.

Some years ago the late Rev. Sam P. Jones, the noted Georgia evangelist, told in Atlanta at the First Methodist church the following story:

"I was making a prohibition speech in Robertson county, Tenn., and noticed on the right of the platform a bearded, bloated fellow who was about three parts drunk, each part a third. As I talked he would screw his fist into his eyes and wipe away the tears. After the speaking I went to a friend's house perfectly exhausted and lay down. The lady of the house called at the door in a few minutes that a man wanted to see me.

"Tell him I am tired," I said, 'and please excuse me.'

"That is all right," she said, 'anyhow, because he is a drunken, ragged vagabond.'

"I said: 'If he is that sort of a fellow let him in. I used to belong to that gang myself, and I never go back on them.' The man came in, and I found he was the drunken fellow who had listened to me speak.

"He said: 'Mr. Jones, I don't want any money. Money can do me no good. I am a ruined man. Drink has made me a wreck. A short time ago I had a happy home and household. A few weeks ago I buried my wife, having crushed every drop of blood out of her heart before she died. My two boys are at the orphan's home in Nashville. One of them is a little blind fellow. My two girls are in Milledgeboro, and this (here he pulled a little black cap out of his pocket), this is the last thing that is left to remind me that I ever had a household. It is my little blind boy's cap. Now, I do not want any money from you, but I just got an idea from the way you talked that maybe you had some sympathy for me. If you have, pray for me. Good-by.' And he started off.

"Hold on here," said I, and I called up Mr. Taylor, my secretary, and said, 'Frank, go uptown with this man and wash him all over with soap and put a new suit of clothes on him from head to foot and bring him back.' In an hour or two he came back, and I did not know him. I had to be introduced to him over. I took out \$1 and handed it to him and said: 'Railroad fare in this state is 3 cents a mile. Here is \$1. Now, you get on a train and ride thirty-three miles, no matter in what direction, and get the conductor to put you off in the woods when your thirty-three miles are out, and then you strike out through the woods for a new life.'

"The fellow did exactly as I told him. I got a letter from him the other day, and he said that he got into the woods and struck for a new life. He got a school, sent for his children, rented him a home and was doing well."

An amusing incident occurred at the close of Sam Jones' sermon at Pulaski, Tenn., one day, says the Hartford (Ga.) Sun. Stepping down from the pulpit, folding his hands across his breast and looking solemnly over the audience, the great revivalist said, "I want all the women in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their husbands for a month past to stand up." One old woman, apparently on the shady side of fifty, stood up.

"Come forward and give me your hand," said the preacher. The woman did so, whereupon Jones said, "Now turn around and let this audience see the best looking woman in the country."

After taking her seat the revivalist addressed the men:

"Now I want all the men in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their wives for a month past to stand up." Twenty-seven great big strapping fellows hopped out of the audience with all the alacrity of champagne corks. "Come forward and give me your hands, my dear boys."

Jones gave each one a vigorous shake, after which he ranged all of them side by side in front of the pulpit and facing the audience. He looked them over carefully and solemnly, and then, turning around to the audience, he said:

"I want you all to take a good look at the twenty-seven biggest hars in the state of Tennessee."

The Rev. Sam Jones was at all times, to say the least, forceful in his language, says Success. Above all things he objected to a pretense of supernaturalism, his religion being something on the "shirt sleeve" order. On one occasion the revivalist had taken for his text "Vanity" and to point his moral said:

"Now, if there is a woman in the congregation this morning who didn't look into the mirror before coming to the meeting I want to see her. I want her to stand up!"

PANAMA CANAL DIGGING SCHEME

Notable Features of a Stupendous Contract.

WORLD'S BEST TALENT DESIRED

Several Combinations of Bidders, Probably Including Foreigners, Are Expected to Put in Their Tenders For the Great Undertaking—Vast Equipment to Be Placed at Contractor's Disposal.

"A long pull and a strong pull and a pull together" represents most exactly the elaborate scheme by means of which the isthmian canal commission plans to construct the Panama canal under terms of one contract for the whole stupendous undertaking, writes a special Washington correspondent of the New York Post. Inquiry into details of the plan and a perusal of the form of proposal prepared for the use of bidders disclose many items of interest in amplification of the general announcement already made of the commission's latest departure in canal building. The immensity of the task at hand is more readily appreciated and confidence in the abilities of the men who are struggling with the great problem is strengthened after considering the fact that a plan has been put into print in the greatest detail for doing a \$200,000,000 job just as handily as engaging a builder to construct a home or office building.

On Dec. 12 the bids will be opened at Washington. It is expected that there will be at least several aggregations or combinations of bidders made up of experts in the special lines of work in which each has made its business reputation. It will not be surprising to members of the commission if some of them are firms composed of men of nationalities other than American. Baron Moncheur, the Belgian minister in Washington, for instance, has lost no time in making detailed inquiries as to the commission's requirements. Although there is diplomatic silence as to what future developments may be anticipated from commercial countrymen of his, by the time Dec. 12 has arrived it will not cause excitement if some Belgian firm is found as one of the competitors in one group of bidders. Other nations whose pride has been aroused by noteworthy feats of their men of constructive genius and mastery of scientific problems will doubtless be represented, so that the prospect is a concourse of engineers of many races and tongues seeking participation in the development and completion of "the greatest task of modern times."

This is Chairman Shonts' designation of the physical construction of the canal. "It is in the highest degree exceptional in magnitude, complexity and cost," he says. In order to finish it most successfully, economically and quickly he seeks the best trained talent of the world in each particular branch of the undertaking. He puts aside as impracticable the suggestion of having the commission build up such a complex organization. It cannot be done, he says, "because of the unprecedented and greatly extended industrial activity of the time and the consequent violent competition for all classes of skilled mechanics and even ordinary laborers." He has instead to find that firms engaged in the handling of the greatest problems of construction now in progress will link their interests with the working forces which they have brought to perfection only after years of effort and experience and will be attracted to the isthmian project by the bonuses offered for expeditious and reasonably priced work.

No human mind can estimate the cost of the canal within such close range as would enable a group of contractors to bid upon the work in the close figuring manner they employ in putting up a skyscraper or building a bridge. They are not asked to do so. They have as the basis of the competition for the contract the amount of percentage on final cost at which they offer to undertake the work. Under such agreement the commission may change the plans and specifications at any stage, require greater or less work or material, or quality and still maintain the mutual understanding requisite as a working basis for progress. The successful contractor will be paid the agreed percentage on the estimated reasonable cost on the actual construction work, will be allowed two representatives to sit with the chief engineer and two others chosen by the latter to estimate a reasonable time for the completion of the work and will then be subject to a system of premiums and penalties according as the work is completed ahead of time or lags beyond the period fixed.

An available, unencumbered capital of \$5,000,000 is the first requisite for any association of contractors to show.

A single woman arose and stood with meekly downcast eyes. To describe her in a kindly way, one would say homely. The Rev. Mr. Jones rested his earnest eyes upon her.

"Well, God bless you, sister," he said. "It certainly is a pity that you didn't."

Finer Price For a Flower. The sum of \$5,750 was paid to London the other day for an orchid.

Next they must accompany their bid with a certified check for \$200,000 as guarantee of good faith in entering the competition. The successful bidder must furnish a bond of \$3,000,000, with approved security, for the faithful performance of the contract. Then all the property and effects of the commission will be at the disposal of the contractor to go ahead with the work, each party to the contract having its rights and duties specifically designated, no matter what changes may become necessary as the work progresses.

It is interesting to note on what an enormous scale the whole business is being arranged. For instance, the use of all the vast equipment which congress has been providing for by annual appropriations since possession was obtained of the canal strip is offered free of cost to the successful bidder. He will be furnished with "all locomotives, cars, steam shovels, drills, cranes, dredges, tugs, scows, dumps, rails, ties and track materials, electric light and power plants and other machinery of a substantial character required efficiently to carry on the construction work, but not hand tools of a minor character usually carried in stock save through the commission's department of materials and supplies." That will insure the contractor's getting started without delay. He will take charge of all the equipment now there and get busy. Whatever else he needs in this line he will call upon the commission to provide, and the latter will have to do the scurrying about to see whether everything shall be bought in the United States or not.

In the next place the contractor will be provided with "all raw materials put into the work, the machinery and appliances necessary for the operation and protection of the locks or other parts of the canal," but will himself have to look after their transportation and preparation for their intended use in construction, with such machinery as may be required for the shaping or joining of such materials. The commission will furnish cement, explosives, oil, coal and other fuel and, in its own option, electricity for the operation of any rolling or floating stock or other machinery in use. It will turn over in at least as good condition as at present all construction tracks on the isthmus, but extensions and relocations must be made by the contractor. It will provide living quarters for all necessary employees of the contractor, adding to the accommodations as needed; hospitals and medical service for sick employees; warehouses for the storage of tools and supplies; office buildings for housing the contractor's force, clerical and administrative; transportation of employees, their families and supplies over the Panama railroad and steamship lines at not more than one-half the usual rates; free telephone and telegraph service necessary to the work; free truckage rights over the railroad for work trains and additional trucks where approved by the chief engineer; water for offices, engines, shovels, dredges, drills and other equipment requiring it from the mains and tanks of the commission.

All such equipment provided by the commission will also be maintained, and to this end machine shops and other repairing places will be established and operated to handle everything except what railroad men term "outside, yard or running repairs." In so far as it can the commission will put these shops at the disposal of the contractor for the manufacture or repair of the minor hand tools which he must provide and will do the work for him at 15 per cent in excess of the cost. It will also furnish at cost, plus the usual handling charges, such tools and supplies as it may have in stock, but which it is not required under the agreement to supply free; will open the commissary stores to the contractor's employees on the same terms as enjoyed by the commission's employees and will provide mess house privileges equal to those enjoyed by workers for the commission. The contractor may operate the mess if he so desires, but it must be subject to daily inspection by the government officials.

So much for what the contractor gets. His obligations are these:

He must furnish all labor, foremen, superintendents, clerks, general office staff and the minor tools mentioned previously—everything, in fact, to make the work progress through the use of the vast equipment put at his disposal by the commission. He must get busy within sixty days, take over all the employees now on the list of the commission on the isthmus except such as the commission desires to retain for its own use; make no discharges of those on the "gold list" except for cause, or, except on written notice giving the cause, discharge any employee. He shall execute faithfully existing contracts of the commission for supplying labor, abide by the sanitary regulations promulgated from time to time, comply with all laws regarding hours of labor, character of employees, etc.; employ night shifts, etc., as ordered by the chief engineer, assume responsibility for injuries to employees, use no materials disapproved of by the chief engineer and perform all the work "in the most thorough and workmanlike manner." Without the consent of the commission he shall not sublet, assign or transfer any part of the work, and he shall be responsible for damages to completed work if such damages result from his negligence or error of judgment.

Does the Horse Love His Master? The horse does not love man nor does he delight to labor in his interest. If you think yours does, take him out several miles from home, turn him loose in the road and see whether he will follow you, but do not try this unless fond of pedestrian exercise. True, you may train him by the use of certain appliances to follow you through field, food and fire, but he will do this not because he adores you, but because you have successfully deceived him into thinking that he cannot help himself, and that one idea dominates him. Do you imagine that it is personal regard for Cinders & Co. which impels those splendid draft horses to toil and strain at that five ton load, or that it is admiration which leads Mr. Spenders' driver in front in a brush on the highway? Not in the least. They believe they cannot do otherwise, and after all rebellion has always proved useless. As well expect old Mudge to pass himself to the sunbath and come to the door to take you for a drive because she thought you were looking pale.—F. M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

Great Time Saved. Miss—So Zeke has done away with his old dairy wagon and takes his milk to town in one of these new automobiles? Cyrus—Yes, by heck! Zeke says the automobile shakes so much the milk is churned to butter by the time he reaches town.—(Chicago News).

That's it! Cough yourself into a fit of spasms and then wonder why you don't get well. If you will only try a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, your cough will be a thing of the past. It is a positive cure for Coughs, Influenza, Bronchitis and all Pulmonary diseases. One bottle will convince you—at your druggist, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

How to Make Christmas Cakes. Little cakes that will please the children either at the table or on the Christmas tree are made as follows: Bake the cakes in little patties or muffin pans and frost the tops with a white icing. Dip a small new paint brush in melted chocolate and draw a face on each. Make some crying and others laughing, the different expressions being made by the curve of the mouth line. The merest outline will be sufficient. Cut a circle of tissue paper of white or any color liked two inches larger than the cake, pink the edge with scissors and run a thread round one inch from the edge. Put a cake in the paper, draw up the thread, and a cunning little cap is formed. The pleasure of small children will well repay the trouble of making these little cake babies.

Cure for Sore Nipples. As soon as the child is done nursing apply Chamberlain's Salve. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the child to nurse. Many trained nurses use this with the best results. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all druggists.

New Star in Old Glory. The annexation of Oklahoma Territory to the Union has raised a dispute as to how the new star will be placed in the flag, according to Percy Treachard in the November Technical World Magazine. The pattern of the national flag of the future should be definitely settled. The next half century may see a great many new states admitted, and some arrangement must be made so that the stars may be added to the flag without disturbing the pattern. Mr. Vogt of Philadelphia proposes a design which places thirteen stars, representing the original thirteen states, in a star in the center of the blue field and makes a circle of the balance of the stars, which, of course, can be enlarged as each new state is admitted. Mr. Vogt had a flag made embodying his idea and had it draped on his porch on Independence day.

To Plant a Liberty Tree. The Brunswick (Ga.) chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, have arranged for the planting of a Liberty tree in Brunswick on Nov. 10. Around the roots of the tree will be placed soil from each of the forty-nine states and territories, the soil having been sent to the D. A. R. by the different governors.

An Alarming Situation frequently results from neglect of clogged bowels and torpid liver, until constipation becomes chronic. This condition is unknown to those who use Dr. King's New Life Pills; the best and gentlest regulators of Stomach and Bowels. Guaranteed by all druggists. Price 25c.

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